

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;

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PAUL SEYMOUR,

PUBLISHER.

A Letter from Mr. VAN BUREN.

The "Northern Light Association," a society of the young friends of free soil, gave a soiree on Thursday evening at the Chinese Assembly Rooms in Broadway, to which many of the eminent Democrats of the country were invited. Among the letters received by the Secretary of the Association from those who declined the invitation is the following from Mr. Van Buren. The views it takes of the slavery question, though brief, are very clearly and persuasively stated:

LOWELL, Dec. 30, 1848.

My dear Sir—I feel myself highly honored by the obliging terms in which the Northern Light Association have, through their communication, accepted my invitation for the 4th of January.

I have been an attentive observer of the course of your Association, and am certain that the recent canvass was in no other quarter, and by no other body, distinguished than by more disinterested, patriotic, or effective. Stimulated by an honest zeal for truth, and sustained by its power, they surrendered early predictions as to men and the ordinary questions of party division, and devoted their youthful energies to the support of the great principle involved in the contest with an ardor worthy of their ingenuous feelings and pure purposes, and which could not be overcome by the seduction of partisan leaders.

Entertaining this opinion, I find it more difficult to resist their invitation, but am, nevertheless, constrained to do so. I have for years declined to attend political meetings, and, although your proposed *fête* may not, perhaps, be strictly so described, it will be sufficiently near it to bring it within the application of a rule of conduct which I have prescribed to myself, and the observance of which every day becomes more consonant with my feelings and views of propriety. Having recently served on the Circuit Court for that district. A writ of error brought the case before the Supreme Court at Washington, where it appears the judgment of the court below has been sustained.

The following are the controlling points of their decision as presented by Chief Justice Taney, who delivered the opinion of the court:

1. That whether the new government, at any time, displaced the charter government, is a political question; and not a judicial one.

2. That the charter government having at no time recognized the new government, but denounced it as revolutionary and treasonable; and not only opposed it by military force, but prosecuted and convicted Gov. Dorr, the leader of the movement, under the criminal law of the State—in which case, and in others, the charter government was sustained by the courts of Rhode Island—and that the Federal Courts, under an established rule of decision, follow the State tribunals on questions arising under its own laws.

3. That the recognition of the chartered government, by the President of the United States, in expressing a willingness to aid it, if necessary, in putting down the insurrection, by the constitution, is of itself conclusive of the judicial power of the Union.

4. That the Legislature of Rhode Island had power to establish martial law, and to authorise acts to be done complained of as a trespass by the plaintiff.

5. The judgment of the Circuit Court was affirmed, which sustains the chartered government.

Judge Woodbury dissented from the fourth point, and contended, in a written argument, that the State had no power to declare martial law.

Liberia. The favor of the English Government towards Liberia, seems to have advanced greatly since it has become independent. In addition to the other favors shown to President Roberts in his visit to England, it is now reported that he obtained from Lord Palmerston a promise for the appropriation of £2,000 to purchase all the territory lying between the boundaries of Sierra Leone and Liberia, in return for which he pledges himself that the slave trade shall be forever abolished on the whole line of coast from the farthest extremity of Liberia to the confines of the British colony of Sierra Leone.

This fact, if it be a fact, has more of importance than appears at the first glance. It shows that the British Government have got the same idea of the way to destroy the slave trade. And when they come to find by experience, that the trade can be excluded by the much cheaper and more effectual process of occupying the coast by a free people, they will doubtless vastly extend the plan. Every way it seems, that a new era is opening upon the scheme of colonisation.

Slave Trade. A writer in the *Journal of Commerce*, says a gentleman of Connecticut, largely engaged in ship-building, and a successful business man, had occasion to visit Cuba in 1838. Passing up a river in a boat, there was a large company of slaves just imported from Africa on board, in all the squalor, sickness and nakedness incident to their terrible "middle passage." He entered into conversation with the trader who had imported them, and in the course of his questions, inquired whether the British were likely to suppress the traffic. The answer was, "No." Norhiko can hinder but such settlements as the Colony of Liberia. You'd Yankees are likely to shut us out entirely."

Sheridan and Wilberforce. One night, coming late out of a tavern, Sheridan fell, and being too much overtaken with liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name and place of abode, to which he replied by referring to a coffee house, and hiccupping—"Gentlemen, I am not in this way—my name is Wilberforce."—*Sheridiana.*

Churchill's Wit.

One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet, said, "He was as extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

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THE EXAMINER.

F. COSHY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER, EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE: JUN. 20, 1849.

127 We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

Hiram Powers.

The Cincinnati Atlas says:—"We learn from a brother of the great sculptor that Hiram Powers will not return to the United States in the spring, as has been stated, a letter to that effect having arrived at hand. The same letter states that Mr. Powers has just received from 'Ceravola' (we are not sure that this orthography is correct) a block of marble which cost him \$1,200, (the blocks of which Eve and the Greek Slave were wrought cost only \$200 to \$300,) and we felt some curiosity to know what great work was coming next, but the relative of the artist did not know."

Western Organ and Messenger.

The two organs of the Sons of Temperance for Ohio and Kentucky have been united, and are published with this title. Mr. Underwood, of Louisville, who is well known to Kentuckians from the ability displayed in editing the Messenger, is the principal editor. Associated with him are Messrs. G. M. and E. S. Young. The paper is published simultaneously at Louisville and Cincinnati. The union of the two papers will be advantageous to the subscribers in both States. Experience has shown that an organ for a single State must languish. If the members of the Order in both States give cordial support to this paper, it will maintain a high rank among the papers of the country.

To the Friends of Emancipation—Circumstances of Documents.

We presume, from what has already taken place in the Legislature, that delegates to the Convention will be elected in August, and that the Convention itself will meet in October next. We, therefore, have left, a little over six months to the election. Within that period the great question of emancipation in Kentucky is to be met, discussed and decided. The question is, can it be done satisfactorily to those who wish to see our Commonwealth relieved of the greatest pressure that bears down on its energies.

We have received letters from friends in different parts of the State, anxiously inquiring of us what plan has been adopted, or is in contemplation, for a proper and effective diffusion of emancipation sentiment? The writers of these letters, to a man, agree with us in the opinion, that it is not safe to leave the question to work its way by its own merits. They concur with us in the belief that the people need enlightenment, and that the best means to enlighten them is through the instrumentality of the printing press. Money must be raised for defraying the expense of printing and circulating newspapers and tracts among the people. The necessary fund can be raised, we think, without much difficulty. All that is needed is a few of the right sort of men in the various counties, to see and talk with their neighbors and friends, and induce them to contribute to an emancipation fund.

An intelligent and warm-hearted friend in Henry county, writes to us thus:—"The subject of emancipation is exciting a great deal of interest here. As may be supposed, many are opposed to it. The community are willing and anxious, however, to have the subject discussed, though the time has been that this would not have been allowed. No obstacle now exists in the way of a free examination of the question of slavery in all its relations to society."

"I would suggest that if documents could be distributed among the people, treating the question manfully, firmly, and yet calmly, they would exercise an immense influence in bringing about a revolution in public sentiment on the subject."

Another friend, a most earnest and devoted champion of freedom, writing to us from Lewis county, says that he has just returned from a visit to Maysville. He found great interest in the subject there, and was told that a thousand dollars could be raised in that city, for a fund to be used in printing and circulating documents. After mentioning the names of several gentlemen who will probably give sums of from fifty to a hundred dollars each, he adds:—

"The proposition is to publish facts and arguments, showing the moral, pecuniary, intellectual, and social wrongs of slavery, to impress the people with these wrongs, and to arouse the masses."

"I think the proposed enterprise will be very effective. It is one well matured by yourselves. It has long been contemplated. We want facts and arguments, showing the evils of slavery to the people, and always attend to it. We do not think it likely that any one can exaggerate the influence which a series of tracts, containing facts and arguments on the subject of slavery, showing how it is inimical to men of all classes, and interests of all kinds, would have, if distributed widely over the State. There are thousands of men who only need a little wakening up to become effective friends of emancipation. There is now no means of reaching them. There are others who, from various reasons, are prejudiced against emancipation, who can be won over to truth and right, by having a few judicious considerations addressed to their minds. There are many conscientious slaveholders, too, who can be brought to see the monstrous evils of slavery; men who have not reasoned much on the subject, whose prepossessions in favor of slavery will fall as soon as the truth is presented to them. We wish to confirm all the friends of the cause in the State, and by placing in their hands facts and arguments, to enable them to meet the advocates of slavery advantageously. Now, if a series of documents calculated to enlighten the public mind on the subject of slavery, were thrown broadcast over Kentucky, the cause of emancipation would probably be secured beyond a doubt."

This paper, the Examiner, is by far too restricted in its circulation. No one connected with it expects to make a dollar by it. We intend to spend every cent we receive for it in defraying indispensable expenses." We call on each subscriber to use his influence with his neighbor. We earnestly ask each one to go around in his neighborhood and see if he cannot procure some subscribers. If each one will only do this, our subscription will be greatly increased, and we shall be able to address thousands of minds that need just such a newspaper as this.

per as this. The circulation of the Examiner must be at least trebled within the coming three months, and this increase will depend on the efforts of our friends. We are willing to labor for the cause without any pecuniary compensation, and we can, therefore, confidently appeal to our friends for assistance. There is not a day to be lost! We must all go to work with all our mind and heart immediately. Delay is not only dangerous, but, if much longer indulged in, it will prove fatal. Let us be continually borne in mind that Emancipation in Kentucky can be accomplished only by the united and persevering efforts of all its friends. You, reader, are precisely as much bound to labor in this glorious cause as we are; and we call on you, therefore, to reflect on what you owe the cause. Consult your heart, be counseled by your conscience and then go to work for the redemption of our beloved Commonwealth from the thraldom of African Slavery. Do you ask what you shall do? The answer is ready: Talk with your friends and neighbors and see that their hearts are true and their minds enlightened with respect to emancipation. Contribute your money and induce your friends to contribute their money, for the creation of a fund to be employed in sending the Examiner and tracts into every county and neighborhood in the State. Every dollar we receive shall be most scrupulously applied to the furtherance of the great object we have in view, for which we are willing to labor by day and for which we pray at night. Do not leave this sacred duty to be attended to by others. It is your duty, and you cannot transfer it to another. Remember that but a few months remain, and that a vast amount of labor is to be effected. It is to be performed by willing hearts and dedicated hands. Do not be guilty of the sin of folding your arms and concluding that others will carry out the work successfully. Each one has much to do on his own account as he can perform, and no one can accept a commission to attend to the business of another. Money must be raised, conviction must be promoted, and for this purpose every anti-slavery man in Kentucky must give his time and means to the truly good and glorious cause of emancipation. Now let us join hands and hearts, and with shoulder to shoulder march firmly to the great work that invites our energies and is worthy of our best efforts. Let no one fall back and prove traitorous to the cause of freedom and humanity.

Powers' Greek Slave.

This great work of the American sculptor has arrived in our city, and is daily visited by large numbers of delighted spectators. It is beautiful as the first pure sigh of virgin love. There is nothing about the statue that is not beautiful. It is beautiful in the general idea, and beautiful in all the details. There is a soul in that marble that kindles a soul in every beholder. We wonder at the magic power of the artist, which can give softness to the rigid material, and fill it with the features of life. This statue does not seem, like Pygmalion's, to require the Goddess of Beauty to give it life. The life is there. The statue tells a tale of robbery and inhumanity, of blighted hopes and afflictions, of home and friends lost forever. We look with the maiden to the past, where all the sunshine of her life is gathered, and to the future, where no ray penetrates the gloom. The brightness of the past serves only to give intensity to the darkness of the future.

Some have objected to the exhibition of this statue as indecent. We feel confident that none who have seen the statue have made the objection. They fear only the effect upon the minds of others. We believe that any one who is affected with any but the purest feelings in the presence of this representation of purity, is in no hope for him—he is gone past redemption. It is the impurity of his own soul that is reflected from the marble. He is corrupted by it as the dead carcass is corrupted by the rays of the sun. He would gather impurity from the sight of Virtue herself, as the spider collects poison from the most beautiful flowers. He would be warned into vice by the sight of the icicles that hang on Diana's temple.

We wish to say a word or two about the charges that have been made against Mr. Powers. We have read with care the publications that have been made on that subject, and we believe that Mr. Powers is entirely free from blame. In August, 1845, Mr. Robb requested Hon. R. H. Wilde to write to Mr. Powers, and learn from him on what terms he would furnish Mr. R. with a copy of the Greek Slave. Mr. P. agreed to furnish a copy for \$600, one half to be paid in advance, and the other half upon the completion of the work, at the end of two years. Everything goes to show that the statue was to be delivered in Florence. In December, 1845, Mr. R. wrote to Mr. P. ordering a copy of his *Eve*. Mr. P. believed this to be a mistake, and wrote to Mr. R. stating his belief. Mr. R. wrote in answer that it was a copy of the *Greek Slave*, and not of the *Eve*, that he wished. This letter was received by Mr. Powers on the 6th of June, 1846. Every one must see that the two years within which the statue was to be completed must be computed from this time. Mr. Powers could not know that Mr. Robb had not changed his mind. He could not commence the statue till he had heard from Mr. Robb.

At the time of Mr. Robb's application, Mr. Powers had nearly completed a copy of the Greek Slave for Lord Ward, and had made considerable progress on another copy which had been ordered by Sir Charles Coote. These are the two copies which are now in this country. Neither of them was originally intended for Mr. Robb. The artist had obtained from Mr. R. permission to exhibit his copy, when finished, in the cities of the United States "as long as he liked." Before Mr. P., however, had received an answer to his application for permission to exhibit, Lord Ward consented to give up his copy to the artist, in order that he might exhibit it in America.

Mr. P. then determined to let Mr. Robb have the copy originally intended for Lord Ward, if Mr. R. should make no objections to the exhibition. But after this copy had been sent to America, Sir Charles Coote wrote to Mr. Powers, informing him that his private fortune had been impaired by the trouble in Ireland, and he wished Mr. P. would take the statue off his hands. Mr. P. supposing that Mr. Robb might wish to receive a copy sooner than the Ward statue could be delivered to him, wrote to Mr. R. and offered the Coote copy to him, stating, at the same time, that it was of much greater value than the Ward copy. Mr. R. refused this offer, and demanded the delivery of the Ward copy on the first of March, 1848. To avoid litigation the statue was delivered to him.

Mr. Robb claims that the two years expired in January, 1848; but it must be evident to every one who examines the subject, that the time did not expire till June 6, 1848.

Mr. Powers contracted to furnish a copy to Mr. Robb; but Mr. R. acted as if the artist had agreed to furnish the copy intended for Lord Ward. He had no greater claim to this particular statue than he had to the one purchased by Mr. Grant. He indignantly refused the Coote statue, as if there were an intention to cheat him! Our conclusion is, that Mr. Robb must have labored under some strange misapprehension in regard to his rights. We cannot say more than to censure in Mr. Powers' conduct.

From the manner in which the corrections, the omission of which is complained of, was written in the communication, we supposed it was inadvertently torn off, and accidentally lost. It was accordingly sent us, and accidentally lost. If "Moses" will send us the corrections again, we will cheerfully publish them, and thus make the only amendment in our power.

We invite attention to the following communication and the subjoined comments:

For the Examiner.

Emancipation—No. 5.

An attempt to answer some questions proposed to the writer "Moses" by the Editors of the Examiner.

GENTLEMEN:—The first paragraph in my article No. 3, was a verbal correction of the typographical errors in the one which preceded it. If you will show me fair play, I can't see what excuse you can give for not printing it. It is not unreasonable that I should desire to be correctly understood. Will you not publish the correction, and also the following in No. 3 and 4. In No. 3, line 27, for "not to" put "and so" for "Anglo Romans" put "Anglo Normans." In No. 4, for "We," in line 45, put "He." "difference," in line 39, should be "differences;" "rocks of igneous formation," should read "rocks not of igneous."

You are rather complaining, gentlemen, that I do not answer certain questions. I do not know that I ought now to stop to answer them more particularly than I have been doing. I came to the conclusion, immediately after reading the first number of your paper, (No. 76) which you were so kind as to send me, to write a series of articles upon the subject. I saw at once that your paper was very ably conducted, and I had no doubt that you had a highly respectable class of readers—I differed (honestly I trust) from you, toto celo—I desired to address your readers—I knew that they would never see my articles if I wrote for any other journal. I do not so deceive myself as to imagine that what I write will have any great weight with any body, but I know one thing very well, that is, that to understand this question as it ought to be understood by us all, before we elect to go to the Convention next summer, it ought to be discussed in all its length and breadth.—Each one has much to do on his own account as he can perform, and no one can accept a commission to attend to the business of another.

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I

Having been a subscriber to your paper from its commencement, I have taken an interest in the cause you have espoused, and have watched, as I thought, its gradual advancement; I have, also, been mostly satisfied with the spirit and matter of your replies to those who have written in vindication of slavery. But, I confess, that I thought a little more zeal would have been commendable in your review of President Sherman's address. That the President is a man of learning and ingenuity, cannot be doubted; his style, is, perhaps, of the highest grade; and his manner of treating his subject very imposing.

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Extra Session of Congress.
It was erroneously stated a few days since in the despatch by Telegraph, that President Polk had called an extra session of Congress. He has called, as it was proper he should, a session of the Senate, to meet on Monday, the 5th of March, to act on such executive business as the new President may lay before that body.

The Election of U. S. Senator in Florida.
Gen. Jackson Morton, late a Taylor Elector, has been elected to the United States Senate (to supply the seat of Mr. Westcott) for six years from the 4th of March next. He received the vote of eight whigs, and all the democrats. Mr. Ward was the regular Whig candidate.

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A SUBSCRIBER.

The Augusta Bank Robbery—Money Recovered.—The money stolen from the Augusta Bank, has all been recovered. It was found buried where it had been deposited by the robbers.

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Prospects of the South.

The condition of business in the South is anything but flattering. To search into the cause of the present state of things becomes us all, and the sooner we realize them the better for our mutual interests. European troubles are the immediate source of our difficulties, but if entire Europe was tranquil and prosperous, our embarrassments would not be removed. The value of land and negroes is steadily depreciating, and this is the real evil with which, in a business point of view, we have to grapple. To make land and labor valuable, is the problem for us now to solve, and on its solution depends our permanent prosperity. We have trusted to much to one thing. Our means must now be turned into other channels if we would repair losses and secure profits. The demand for certain articles in the South is immense, and yet we hesitate to produce them. The wealth of soil is boundless, and it is just the wealth that new countries need above everything else, the wealth of minerals and metals. Adversity is a noble teacher; it has entered on its task among us. If we will now be wise, we may arrest the tide of ruin that threatens us. Soothe suffering teach us where our strength lies, and lead us to depend more on ourselves and less on foreign trade; should it direct us to natural resources, and prompt us to follow the sure intimations of circumstances, we shall come out of our calamities more healthy and energetic. Providence is now giving us the most valuable instruction in the art of life, so far as temporal benefits are concerned, that we have ever had, and it will be a strange blindness if we do not derive lasting advantage from it.

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On Leaving My Country Home.

By FANE BENJAMIN.

Farewell awhile, ye fields and woods,
Garden and cope, and mount and dell,
To leaping streams, and dashing floods,
My cherished home and haunts, farewell!

Nor longer 'mid your dire retreats
Must I, oblivious, muse and dream,
Deep shadowed from the noontide heats,
Or summer evening's crimson beam.

Once more upon the waves of life,
My bark, unmoved, must spread her sail,
Surrounded by the din, the strife,
To woo the breeze or break the gale.

Oh, many a nobler hulk than mine
Drifts wrecked upon a rocky strand,
And many a frailer, o'er the brine
Screeds safely to the looked-for land.

Once more, commingling with the throng,
At once the noise and tumult heat;
Even while the wild birds' matin song
Still rings on my delighted ear.

Less sweet the measured sounds of art
From lips of human warblers fall;
A dearer language to the heart
Speaks Nature's minstrels than them all.

How beautiful the pictures drawn
By sun, see on the tinted sky—
What shadows on the lake and lawn,
In mass and outline softly lie.

Could Claude's or Rembrandt's pencil trace
Distinct lines or deeper hues?
Can Painting yield so true a grace,
Or such transparent light infuse?

No—in your halls and galleries gay,
With artificial sounds and sights,
Ye cities, there's no voice or ray
Like Nature's for your days or nights.

Therefore, with unavailing tears
I contemplate my happy home;
Therefore, with many doubts and fears,
I leave my Sabine farm for Rome.

It must be so; though Love and Peace
Are one beneath these vines and trees;
My every powers of thought would cease
If wasted in luxurious ease.

Then welcome! busy life again!
Welcome familiar thought and toil,
The daily intercourse with men,
The wasting of the midnight oil!

But less than poet should be,
Garden and cope, mount and dell,
Fields, woods, streams, floods, home haunts,
If ye
Were left without one sad farewell!

Dorset, Autumn of 1848.

From Chambers' Journal.

The Parasite of Literature.

Johnson says of Pope that 'it is pleasant to remark how soon he learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt.' This, however, was before he suffered in his own person; for no one felt the lash more keenly than Pope, or knew better how to inflict it upon others. His own 'Dunciad' proved the power of criticism to extend much farther than mere irritation; for Ralph, one of its subordinate heroes, had no sooner obtained that unlucky eminence, than the book-sellers suddenly discovered his incompetence, and the poetaster was in danger of starvation. This catastrophe was brought about by two lines:

'Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls!'

In our own day, John Keats—himself the victim of savage party criticism, though not to the extent usually supposed—attacked in a still more bitter manner some of the classical poets of our language, the followers of the school of Pope:

—But ye were dead
To things ye knew not—were closely wed
To mighty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass wide; so that ye taught a school
Of dotards, and made them all fit,
Till, like the certain word of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task;
A thousand handcraftsmen wore the mask
Of poets. Ill-fated, impious race,
The blasphemers, the bright lyrist to his face,
And did not know it; no, they went about
Holding a poor despatch standard,
Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Bouleau!

Who were these mechanic-poets? Byron answers, Johnson, Goldsmith, Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe. And who more? He goes on: Gifford, Mathias, Hayley, Thomas Brown, Richards, Huber, Bland, Hodgson, Warrington, Merivale, and others who have not had their full fame, because the race is not always to the 'swif', nor the battle to the strong, and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other things! This is a curious catalogue: Goldsmith; Crabbe; Hayley and others, like the mortals and immortals jostling in the Iliad! Byron is scarcely cold in his grave when the very names of most of his poetical heroes are forgotten, while that of one Keats, the presumptuous 'adpole of the Lakes,' is inscribed in the same enduring scroll (above or below it) with that of the author of Childe Harold himself!

It is curious to observe the impartiality of time, and the utter futility of any attempt to sway its judgment. Critics are the exponents of their own opinions—it may be even of those of the *day* in which they live; but another generation—perhaps another year—reverses the decree without ceremony. Critics themselves change with the changing time. In 1816 Byron wrote 'unjust' under the most prominent of the literary portraits he had drawn in 1809, such as

'That mild apostate from poetic rule'

The simple Wordsworthian example shows that prose is verse, and verse is merely prose. So close on each pathetic part he dwells, And each adventure so sublimely dwells That all who view the 'idiot in his glory,' Conceive the bard the hero of the story.'

It is to be regretted that the noble bard did not live long enough to do like justice in the case of another poet. His 'Vision of Judgment' having been published only two years before his death, Southey remains in it a 'renegado' and an 'ass' to this day, terrifying both seraphim and cherubim, and the shade of George III. himself, with his spavined dactyls.'

'The monarch, mute till then, exclaims, 'What! what!'

'Pye come again? No more—no more of that!'

The imitation of Peter Pinder here may serve to connect these odd 'judgments' with the last satire of the last century. Byron, like Pope, and before him Dryden, was investigated by personal malice or revenge; but Mathias seems to have been a political enthusiast, who can full tilt at Revolution, and had so little physical courage to support him, that he passed all his after-life in agonies of terror. The 'Pursuits of Literature' was first published in 1794, just after the French had decreed by law that there was no future existence; and so well did it hit the time, that six editions were sold in the next four years. Among the first notes is one on Peter Pinder, not meant to illustrate the text, but brought in, head and shoulders, on a mention of his Theban namesake. Mr. Mathias scorns to waste a verse on such a character, but tells us in horrid prose that Peter's 'rooted depravity and malignity of heart' are beyond modern satire, and that posterity—if it can be supposed that such trash as his works shall exist—will be astonished that the present age could look with patience on such ma-

lignant ribaldry.' He is not less severe on Proteus Priestly—

'Who writes on all things, but on nothing well; but relapses into a smile as he treats of Bishop Wilkins' 'Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to the moon,' which method of translation he considers a happy thought in a bishop. Of the same sort is Darwin's notion, that it would be very feasible to direct the winds by means of philosophy; and to him the following problem in physics is submitted, for which our author is indebted to Pantagruel:—Whether the hyperbolic frigidity of the antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the homogeneous solidity of the centre, might warm the superficial convexity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?' Gilbert Wakefield has so much vanity, virulence, asperity, insolence, and impudence, that literature begins to be weary of him; and Gillies, the historian of Greece, is 'feeble, formal, dull and tame.' The latter judgment serves to introduce a story about Gibbon, a historian of a different kidney. Soon after he had published the second and third volumes of his 'Decline and Fall,' the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and desiring to pay him a compliment, said, 'How do you do, Mr. Gibbon? I see you are always at the old way—scribble—scribble—scribble!'

Our author soon after commemo rates as a poet a neglected gentleman of the name of Penrose, who, it seems, had the misfortune to die a curate, and be buried in a village tomb. Mr. Mathias proudly preserves the titles of his works. He passes a judgment on Hayley and Darwin, which the present day has confirmed, and then touches upon the works of fiction which delighted the old age of the last century:

'Or I must I tempt some novel's lulling theme, But the bright eye o'er Celestia stream; With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love, Like Nature's for your days or nights.

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The name of one Bouleau!

Who were these mechanic-poets? Byron answers, Johnson, Goldsmith, Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe. And who more? He goes on: Gifford, Mathias, Hayley, Thomas Brown, Richards, Huber, Bland, Hodgson, Warrington, Merivale, and others who have not had their full fame, because the race is not always to the 'swif', nor the battle to the strong, and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other things! This is a curious catalogue: Goldsmith; Crabbe; Hayley and others, like the mortals and immortals jostling in the Iliad! Byron is scarcely cold in his grave when the very names of most of his poetical heroes are forgotten, while that of one Keats, the presumptuous 'adpole of the Lakes,' is inscribed in the same enduring scroll (above or below it) with that of the author of Childe Harold himself!

It is to be regretted that the noble bard did not live long enough to do like justice in the case of another poet. His 'Vision of Judgment' having been published only two years before his death, Southey remains in it a 'renegado' and an 'ass' to this day, terrifying both seraphim and cherubim, and the shade of George III. himself, with his spavined dactyls.'

'The monarch, mute till then, exclaims, 'What! what!'

'Pye come again? No more—no more of that!'

The imitation of Peter Pinder here may serve to connect these odd 'judgments' with the last satire of the last century. Byron, like Pope, and before him Dryden, was investigated by personal malice or revenge; but Mathias seems to have been a political enthusiast, who can full tilt at Revolution, and had so little physical courage to support him, that he passed all his after-life in agonies of terror. The 'Pursuits of Literature' was first published in 1794, just after the French had decreed by law that there was no future existence; and so well did it hit the time, that six editions were sold in the next four years. Among the first notes is one on Peter Pinder, not meant to illustrate the text, but brought in, head and shoulders, on a mention of his Theban namesake. Mr. Mathias scorns to waste a verse on such a character, but tells us in horrid prose that Peter's 'rooted depravity and malignity of heart' are beyond modern satire, and that posterity—if it can be supposed that such trash as his works shall exist—will be astonished that the present age could look with patience on such ma-

were in a different position, and that after the peccy influences of the passing hour were at rest, they would stand or fall by their own merit. This distinction is not usually drawn; and we would counsel authors, who cannot afford to wait for the verdict of posterity, to suppress any manifestations of the contempt they may feel for contemporary criticism. At the same time we would counsel them to reserve and cherish in their own minds their *right of appeal*, to look forward with a high and holy confidence to a later judgment; and by keeping their eyes fixed on fame, in contradistinction to mere reputation, to enjoy the best and loftiest privilege of genius.

The conclusion of the 'Pursuits of Literature' is as follows:

'Here close the strain; and o'er your studious hour
May truth preside and virtue's holiest power!
Still be your knowledge temperate and discreet,
Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great;
Prepared to prove in senate or in hall
These states by learning, by learning fail;

'Serene and sensible, through the awful storm,
To mark man's intellect, its strength and bound,
Nor deem stability on change to found;

'To feel with Mirabeau, "Wombs are things,"
While in delusion's ear their magic rings,
Through states or armies, in the camp or street,
And now a school revolts, and now a fleet;

'Go, warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,
The slumbering minister or factious chief;

'Mourn proud empire prostrate in the dust,
Tales, fables, and pontiffs, crown and bust;

'And last, as through the moldering flames you turn,
Snatch the Palladium, though the temple burn.'

Bonaparte's Habits.

His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath he was continually turning on the warm water, to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapor, that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door. Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess.—His flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night watching. Bonaparte made others watch, but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently, when I awoke him, he would turn himself and say, 'Ah, Bourrienne, let me sleep a little longer.' When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He generally slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious. 'During the night,' said he, 'enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not wake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry; but when you bring me bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost.' This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.—*Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon*.

Original Writers.

A man who can say things as no one else can say them, who possesses the charm of a perfectly original and characteristic style, who sees by the light of his own eyes, and expresses himself in the unbroken coinage of his own brain, is secure of readers. A fresh style is more than a new subject. There are minds of such inherent stileness that all they touch takes that complexion. They start on their career like the Gibbons, with old shoes and clouted on their feet, and dry provisions for the way. It matters not how new the topic, with it is old; we seem to have heard it all before and are already weary. In gay contrast with these dull journeymen are others to whom the common way-side, the worn-out paths of life, furnish variety enough and matter for their genius. They find novelty and dignity in what we had hitherto passed over as common and trivial; they show us distances bathed in light, a foreground picturesque and fantastic, in scenes still too familiar for any definite impression; but henceforth never to be looked at without interest, and forever associated with their memory. And this gift of theirs is a real power of perception, it is not a delusion substituted for the reality, but the reality itself, which our careless, unobservant glances had failed to discover before its true intricacy and grace.

English Review.

Wife of Foster, the Knave.
He chose as the partner of his retirement a lady whose talents and force of character he held in high and deserved respect. It is generally believed that when Mr. Foster proposed to her that union which subsequently took place, she declared that she would marry no one that had not distinguished himself in the literature of his day, and Foster's Essays in 'Letters to a Friend' were the *billots-doux* of this extraordinary courtship. It is amusing to recollect that after the first evening which Foster spent in company with his future wife, he described her as 'a marble statue surrounded with iron palisades.'

Chamber's Journal.

The Author of 'Duke Williams.'
A friend of ours had lent Godwin some money—a thing which Godwin's friends were frequently called upon to do—and had several times in vain applied for its return. One day after, on the anniversary of the death, they return to the grave, and kneeling down, lay their lips to the sod, and whisper to the silent tenant that they love her still, and she is yet remembered and revered.

A Good Daughter.
A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm regards more joyfully respond. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with her parent's happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song doth not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of love.

Calumnies under Affliction.
Calumnies in seasons of affliction should not be mistaken for frigidity or indifference. The heart may be drowned in tears though the eyes are dry, and the spirit weare dirge notes while the voice is mute. It is because they feel so much, so deeply, that some persons seem not to feel at all. They cannot give the faintest utterance to their feelings without being completely overwhelmed by their intensity; and as then they would be unfitted for the stern duties of life, they drive back each moistening drop, swallow each drizzling sigh, and in the depths of their aching bosoms suffer their grief to find a living tomb.

Industry.
If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. 'If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.' Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman*.

Golden Thoughts.
I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a *tush*, a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produceth love like humility;

Alarming Effects of Vanity.
One imagines that he hears frogs croaking in his stomach; another thinks his body a lump of butter, and is afraid to walk in the sun, lest he should be melted. Dr. Moore of London has recently published an account of a lady, who had passed an idle life, and who at last imagined herself a pound of candles, and dreaded the approach of night, fearing the chambermaids would take a part of her for use.—*Magon's Proverbs*.

Knowledge lies deep in a well, but there is a way to draw it up, and diligent scholars will find it out.

From Macaulay's History of English Literature in 1853.

The wits and the Puritans had never been on friendly terms. There was no sympathy between the two classes. They looked on the whole system of human life from different points and in different lights. The earnestness of each was the jest of the other. The pleasures of each were the torments of the other. To the stern puritan even the innocent sport of the fancy seemed a crime. To light and festive natures the solemnity of the zealous brethren furnished copious matter of ridicule. From the Reformation to the civil war, almost every writer, gifted with a fine sense of the ludicrous, had taken some opportunity of assailing the straight-haired, snuffing, whining saints, who christened their children out of the Book of Nehemiah, who groaned in spirit at the sight of Jack the Green, and who thought it impious to taste plum porridge on Christmas day. At length a time came when the laughters began to look grave in their turn. The rigid, ungainly zealots, after having furnished much good sport during two generations, rose up in arms, conquered, and, grimly smiling, trod down under their feet the whole crowd of mockers. The wounds inflicted by gay and petulant malice were retaliated